

The Evening World

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JOSEPH PULITZER, Jr., Secretary, 55 Park Row.
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THE WAY TO WIN.

GRANTED the late legislative session did little to lighten the burdens of this city. Granted it ducked the main issue of home rule and passed only a few picaresque relief measures affecting water supply and court house expenses, Sheriff's fees and county road charges. Granted it approved an utterly unjust reapportionment scheme. Granted it refused the city any immediate or permanent guarantee against the poisoning of the water it drinks. Granted it jammed through the usual choice assortment of bills for rural jobs and repairs, seventy per cent. of the cost of which will be saddled on the metropolis.

Nevertheless the city has learned from the session something it can turn to good account, if it chooses. It has learned that when its representatives line up solidly at Albany behind a measure offered in the interests of all or part of the citizens of Greater New York, something happens. The passage of the Brooklyn eighty-cent gas bill proved that.

The Evening World's campaign for eighty-cent gas put public interest behind the movement and the city's legislators behind the bill. The result was complete victory.

The Evening World's practical lessons in city finance called forth the first real public pressure yet exerted to secure the city's release from the grip of up-State selfishness and greed. Results were only a beginning. But if the pressure is increased enough to put every Senator and Assemblyman from Greater New York in the front rank of the fight, the result can be victory.

The city's taxpayers know how to do it if they have the will.

"AS AN ABSOLUTE UNIT."

AS AN example to such as are inclined to hold their prejudices higher than their country and their position more important than the President's, we call attention to a telegram sent last Thursday by Frank J. Sprague, distinguished engineer, member of the Naval Consulting Board, earlier inventor and perfecter of the trolley car, eminently practical American:

April 20, 1916.

The President of the United States, Washington, D. C.

Permit me to join in an expression of well-merited and hearty congratulation on the form and substance of your masterly note to the German Government, and the fact and manner of your presentation of the situation to Congress, and hence to the world at large.

Although I am of different political faith, and have chafed at what have seemed unnecessary delays in dealing drastically with a continuous disregard of neutral rights, I appreciate the fact that few can realize even in small measure the extraordinary difficulties which have beset your path, and the great burden which has rested upon you while trying to conserve peace and honor under unexampled conditions and with innumerable conflicting advisers at a time, too, of naval and military unpreparedness to enforce decisions.

The role of critic is an easy one to essay, whether from political reasons or because of personal ambitions, but this is a time when every decent conception of patriotism should subordinate all controversial and carping tendencies to the one resolve to stand as an absolute unit, country and people, behind you, and for the honor and welfare of the United States to uphold to the extreme limit your action not alone in behalf of this country, but for all mankind.

FRANK J. SPRAGUE.

We have seen no better patriotic guide for the use of all persons and parties at the present moment.

The country looks for serious reading matter this week.

ONLY THE DATE THE SAME.

THE death of Shakespeare and Cervantes on the same day—April 23, 1616—is a majestic coincidence which appeals to the imagination. We wish the learned had let it alone.

A number of years ago, however, some meddling astronomer had to point out that if Shakespeare died on the day reckoned the 23d of April in England and Cervantes on that reckoned the 23d of April in Spain, we can be quite certain these two great geniuses did not die on the same day.

The reason is that Spain adopted the Gregorian calendar on its first promulgation from Rome in 1582. England waited until 1751. Consequently in 1616 the 23d of April in Spain corresponded with the 13th in England, there being then ten days difference between Old and New Style.

We are not aware that this overzealous and undesired demonstration has ever been refuted. If there is any way of knocking it to pieces and saving the coincidence, this would seem a good year to effect the rescue.

And speaking of calendars, the trouble with Easter in this climate is that it comes too early. There ought to be some way of figuring it into May.

Dollars and Sense By H. J. Barrett

"NOT long ago I was reading an interesting account of the experiences of a group of four young men who, in 1909, made an attempt to operate the mines of Aurora, a deserted camp in Nevada," said a merchant.

"The man who owned the general store had merely turned the key in the lock and abandoned his stock of goods to its fate. The young men obtained his address in the East and wrote him for a price. He replied that they could have the store and its contents for \$250.

"Upon entering, they found the place filled with miscellaneous merchandise of a previous generation. Lying in the doorway was a huge coil of manila rope worth more than they paid for the whole outfit. Among other things was a complete line of men's wearing apparel. It was as good as new, but, of course, obsolete in style. Frock coats of rich blue satin with flaring, square cut skirts and lapels edged with braid, fancy waistcoats with the entire front cut out to show a frilled shirt, peg top

Men Who Fail

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By J. H. Cassel



"Oh, gee! Back to the daily grind!"

The Office Force

By Bide Dudley

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"SAY," said Miss Tillie, the blond stenographer, as she stuck her gum under her chair, "I see by the papers New York's going to have a State Board of Film Censors. What does that mean?"

"It means," replied Bobbie, the office boy, "that the censors will see that the films are sensible."

"Bosh!" came from Miss Prim, private secretary to the boss. "Bobbie thinks that is funny. He doesn't know any more about film censors than a hog does about Sunday."

"Do you mean Billy Sunday?" asked Bobbie innocently.

"Oh, keep quiet!" snapped Miss Prim. "You know what I mean."

Then she turned to the blonde. "The censors, Miss Tillie," she said, "will see the films first and find out if they're fit for women and children to see them. If not, they'll be put under the ban."

"Who—the women and children?" asked Bobbie.

"Pay no attention to him, folks!" said Miss Prim. "Now, as I was about to say, I think it was a man named Fursi who suggested that women and children should be."

"Oh, I've read about him," said Bobbie. "He's that fellow, Women and Children First, that's always in shipwrecks. Now, my father once said—"

"Well, I do declare!" said the blonde. "That kid certainly gets off some good ones."

"Yes," said Bobbie, "but they're not half so good as you are pretty and sweet, Miss Tillie."

"Hear that bunko talk!" snapped Miss Prim.

The blonde flared up at once. "Oh, so a compliment for me is bunko talk, is it? Well, I'll have you know, Suzanne Prim, that I'm as pretty as the next one around here. Bunko talk, eh? Well, I haven't."

"Tut! tut!" came from Spooner, the bookkeeper. "Why should we get angry over trifles? Miss Prim didn't mean that you're not pretty, Miss Tillie."

"Fat chance she'd have to run down my beauty!" retorted the blonde. "She's a beauty, was molasses when she'd catch no flies, believe me!"

"Ah, ha!" said Bobbie, pointing at Miss Tillie. "That's my friend! I love every drop of blonde she uses."

The blonde turned on him like a tiger. "So you think I'm blonded, eh? Well, you little runt, I'm pleased to inform you I am a natural blonde, even though my brother's hair is raven black."

"O. K.," replied the office boy. "What are you ravin' about? I got my dope from the floorwalker, you know. He told me he'd danced with you and that your hair rubbed off yellow from his shoulder."

"For the love's sake!" murmured Miss Prim. "Bobbie, you're awfully funny."

"Yes," sang out the blonde, "he's a regular con man, ain't he?"

Mr. Spooner, the boss, stepped in the room at that point and the stenographer cut short her remarks.

Beneath the rule of men entirely great, the pen is mightier than the sword.—BULWER.

Reflections of A Bachelor Girl

By Helen Rowland

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WHEN a man makes a fool of himself "seek the woman"—and you'll always find at least two of them.

It may sound funny, but a woman gets a lot more joy out of the pleasure a man takes in looking at her than he does.

The most miserable moment of a man's life is that in which he suddenly discovers that his wife isn't interesting enough to make him forget his flirtations, and his flirtations aren't absorbing enough to make him forget his wife.

When a woman says "I am misunderstood," she always adds "Alas!" When a man says it he always adds "Thank Heaven!"

A man's idea of impressing a woman with his ability to make her perfectly happy seems to be to begin by proving to her how many women he has succeeded in making perfectly miserable.

This is the foolish time of the year, when even an ardent feminist would rather hear what you think about the color of her eyes or her new spring hat than what you think about the political situation.

Occasionally a divorce may have its inception beginning in the first lie between husband and wife, but most of them have their birth in the first bitter, brutal truth.

The man who would stop to ASK a girl for a kiss before taking it would probably ask her first name AFTER taking it.

If love-matches are really made in Heaven most of them must get awfully mixed in the transportation.

The Jarr Family

By Roy L. McCardell

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"WHANT to see the paper?" asked Mr. Jarr, as he sat at his ease after supper.

"I've read it," said Mrs. Jarr. "There's nothing of interest going on, except I see there's a sale of summer shirts, waists to-morrow."

"And you are glad that summer is coming and the reign of the shirt-waist is close at hand?" remarked Mr. Jarr.

"I certainly am," replied Mrs. Jarr. "And that reminds me that I'll have to get new fry screens, and the kitchen needs painting. The landlord won't do it, so we'll have to do it ourselves. I saw a sale advertised of paints and window screens there some place. Don't lose the paper, please."

"Is that all you read in the paper, the advertisements of bargains?"

"It's what I have to read," remarked Mrs. Jarr. "We've got to save some money, which means that I've got to save some money, and the only way I can save money is to buy cheaply, and the only way to buy cheaply is to look for bargains."

"Then the only way to save money is to spend it?" asked Mr. Jarr.

"Certainly," said Mrs. Jarr. "Look at this advertisement: 'We Guarantee You Will Save Twenty Per Cent. On All House Furnishings at This Sale.' How much is twenty per cent?"

"Twenty cents on every dollar, of course," replied Mr. Jarr.

"Well, there you are!" exclaimed Mrs. Jarr. "But don't you see, if I spend twenty dollars on household furnishings and saved twenty per cent—twenty times twenty is how much?"

"Four dollars, if you mean what is twenty per cent. on twenty dollars."

"Well, there," replied Mrs. Jarr. "I can spend twenty dollars and then I'll have saved four dollars."

"Suppose you really didn't need to spend the twenty dollars?" asked Mr. Jarr.

"But I do, that's the trouble," said Mrs. Jarr. "I need this and I need that, and if I can save \$4 by spending twenty, why shouldn't I do it? And yet you sit there grinning at me as if I were talking foolish. You do not have to worry how the money goes."

"Indeed I do," replied Mr. Jarr. "And I have to worry how it comes too. For generally, it doesn't come as fast as it goes."

"I do my best," said Mrs. Jarr. "But you try to run this house and you'd read the bargain sales too. You'd be glad of saving 20 cents on the dollar—so there!"

"I suppose I would," replied Mr. Jarr, who saw how futile it was to change a woman's ideas about saving money by spending it, "and I'm glad to hear you speak so sensibly about common sense clothes in summer that you are glad the time of simple shirts and shirtwaists has come again."

"Well, you see," said Mrs. Jarr. "I've got some good skirts and shirtwaists, and the style hasn't changed in them for summer to any extent, and—here she stopped—'I haven't anything else to wear like other women have.'"

The Stories Of Stories

Plots of Immortal Fiction Masterpieces

By Albert Payson Terhune

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THE DOG OF FLANDERS; by Ouida.

NELLO and Patrasche were chums. Moreover, they were alone together in the world and had not so much as a crust to share between them. Nello was a peasant lad who lived in a village beyond the city of Antwerp. Patrasche was his great yellow dog.

From Nello's childhood the boy and dog had been inseparable. And now Nello was all but a grown man. And Patrasche was very, very old. Nello's grandfather, with whom they both had lived, had just died, and even his hovel and his few sticks of furniture had been seized for debt.

Nello could not get work. For, Baas Cogez, the rich man of the neighborhood, hated him, and had threatened with his displeasure any neighbor who should give employment or alms to the boy. Cogez's hatred sprang from the innocent love of poor Nello for the Baas's pretty daughter, Alois.

Christmas Eve had dawned, bitter cold and snowy, when Nello and Patrasche were evicted from the shack they called home. The boy and the dog tramped into Antwerp, chilled and hungry, to watch the awarding of the yearly prize of 200 francs for the best original drawing by a novice artist. Nello had drawn a sketch for the competition—a sketch into which he had put his very soul. But the prize was given to a rich burgher's son.

As the boy followed by his dog, he retraced his steps toward the village that had been his home. Suddenly, Patrasche halted and began to dig in the hard, frozen snow. After a moment he unearthed a wallet—a wallet stuffed with money. It bore Baas Cogez's name. Nello sped back to the village, arriving at nightfall, at the door of the Cogez house.

The Baas was still away from home, searching for the lost wallet that contained the bulk of his wealth. Nello thrust it into Alois's hand, begging her, by way of reward, to keep Patrasche and to see that the worn-out old dog was made comfortable in his last days. Then, before the girl could speak, he turned and left the house, shutting Patrasche behind him.

Back to Antwerp he trudged, dazed and weak from starvation. He knew the Cathedral would be open all night for prayer, and he sought the shelter from the biting cold. He had often visited the holy spot, and had gazed with longing on the two huge veiled Rubens paintings of the Crucifixion. He had never had money enough to pay the vergers for unveiling them. It was the chief desire of his artistic soul to behold these matchless paintings.

Into the deserted cathedral Nello crept at midnight. Through a verger's carelessness the two pictures had been left unveiled. A shaft of wintry moonlight illumined them. Nello went to his knees in ecstasy, murmuring: "I have seen them at last!"

A hairy muzzle thrust itself timidly into his hand. Beside him stood Patrasche, who had escaped from the warmth and welcome of Baas Cogez's house and had tracked his adored master's steps through the icy night to the church. The aged dog was exhausted from his journey and from hunger. Yet, in order to freeze and starve with the boy he loved, he had turned his back on all that makes life pleasant. Nello threw his arms about his chum's shaggy throat, crying:

"Let us lie down and die together! Men have no need of us, and we are all alone."

Raising his eyes to the shining figure on the Cross, he whispered: "We shall see His face there. And He will not part us, I think."

At dawn the vergers found them, nestling close together at the altar foot, killed by the merciless cold.

At dawn, too, a world-famed artist wandered high and low through Antwerp, eagerly seeking for the peasant boy genius whose picture should have won the prize, had merit counted. And at dawn came Baas Cogez to gaze down through tear-blurred eyes at the dead youth.

"I was cruel to the lad!" he sobbed. "And now I would have made amends. He should have been to me as a son."

But peacefully heedless of the help that came too late, the boy and his dog slept on. All their lives they had been together, and in their deaths they were not divided.

With much, we surfeit; plenty makes us poor.—DRAYTON.

Just a Wife—(Her Diary)

Chapters From a Bride's Life-Story.

Edited by Janet Trevor.

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CHAPTER IV.

JULY 5.—I am wondering if Ned and I shall ever really quarrel. I don't mean the exchange of a petulant word or two, but a long, horrible, insulting scene that is agony to live through and a scar on the memory. There was such a quarrel in the room next to me this morning.

Mr. and Mrs. Higgins, the owner of the boarding house, say that they have been with her three years, and that they came to Sandport for their honeymoon, as Ned and I have done.

Ned had gone down to his boat, and was getting ready for breakfast. Suddenly I heard the sound of raised voices through the thin partition.

"Confound you, you've been at my pockets again!" cried a voice which for a moment I did not identify with the low, grave tones in which Mr. Higgins ordinarily speaks. "Can't you get your own infernal laundry, even in this country graveyard?"

"Oh, Tom, I do trust!" came in a wall from the other occupant of the room.

"Well, if you trust me, you've a pretty way of showing it!" he exclaimed sarcastically. "I don't go nosing around among your belongings, don't open letters addressed to you. You know I don't. Haven't a woman ANY sense of honor, of decency?"

"Yes, maybe she has, when the man to whom she is married is honorable and decent," she shrieked. "I did look in your pockets, and I got a tend to do so every time I see you. And I intend to open any letters I see lying around. It's my business as a wife to know what you're up to, and what sort of letters SHE—yes, SHE—writes. I don't trust you, Tom Higgins. I don't trust you one inch further than I can see with my own eyes. And I've got a good reason—anybody that's suffered what I have!"

I longed for them to go away, but I was too cowardly to put my hands in my ears; then I realized that the best thing to do was to finish dressing as quickly as possible and leave the room. Meanwhile the

curious dialogue kept on.

"Oh, sure, you're the suffering martyr!" The man was not growing any more, but sneering, pitilessly. "Gee, don't mean the exchange of a petulant word or two, but a long, horrible, insulting scene that is agony to live through and a scar on the memory. There was such a quarrel in the room next to me this morning."

"With me it's different," the man continued, speaking with icy deliberation. "I don't do the baby act, but what do you suppose I get out of marriage? I thought I was marrying a young, affectionate, attractive girl, who would make a real home for me. What have I for a wife? A woman who looks ten years older than I, a woman with the instincts of a thieving monkey; a woman who has given me a child!"

"Oh, stop, stop!" she moaned. "How can you say such things to me! How can you be so cruel, so base, so unmanly? I loved you when I married you. I was young and happy. Every thing you desired might have happened! And then—you killed it all. You bruised and shook and beat me, but my love for you, Oh, I forgive you. But it's not in any woman's power to forget."

"Good God, are we going to go all through that again?" he rapped out. "Celia, you're a fool. But I'll be hanged if I'll stand another post-mortem before breakfast. If you want to cry, do it alone."

The door banged, and I heard only a woman's stifled sobbing.

What can make two people who have loved each other say such things to each other? And how do they manage to be such superb hypocrites most of the time? Mr. and Mrs. Higgins apparently are on the best of terms when they appear in the dining room or on the piazza. She is cheerful and friendly; he is almost loving in his attentions.

I am so sorry, sorry for her—although how can she bear to say on him? I wish I could do something to help her, but I'm sure she would be utterly mortified if she knew I had heard their quarrel. I wonder if I shall ever know more of their story.

(To Be Continued.)

Facts Not Worth Knowing.

By Arthur Baer.

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OODDY has ever taken a census of the seventeen-year locusts, so they are too nervous to stand still.

Although just as extinct as the dinosaur, no skeleton has ever been unearthed of the Populist Party.

A Cincinnati man has invented a shock absorber for use when the victim's husband teels in a napkin around his collar.

It is possible for modern science to compute the number of grains of sand in the Sahara Desert, but what good would it do?

For the benefit of fat patrons a Kolono barber has evolved a sliding scale of prices starting with 10 cents for the first chin and graduating to 5 cents for all over six.